Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme,
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our ſtate.

Enter *Suffolke*.

How now Suffolke,where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed,my Lord Gloſter is dead.

The King falles in a ſound.

Queen. Ay-me,the King is dead:help,help,my Lords.

Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gratious Henry comfort.

Kin. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can ſatisfie my griefes,or eaſe my heart:
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits,
Yet do not goe.Come Baſaliske
And kill the ſilly gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too,you know were enemies,
And you had beſt ſay that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me,for wretched Gloſters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,
What doeſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,
And thriſe by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds,
What might it bode,but that well foretelling
Winds,ſaid,ſeeke not a ſcorpions neaſt.

Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury*.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe,caring not whom they ſting,
For good Duke Humphreys death,whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick,is too true,
But how he died God knowes,not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good

Good father ſtaie you with the rude multitude,till I returne.

Salb. I will ſonne. *Exet Salbury*.

Warwicke drawes the curtaines and ſhowes Duke *Humphrey* in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloſter,heauen receiue thy ſoule.
Farewell poore Henries ioy,now thou art gone.

War. Now by his ſoule that tooke our ſhape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curſe,
I am reſolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thriſe famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oth ſworne with a ſolemne toong,
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for theſe words?

War. Oft haue I ſeene a timely parted ghoſt,
Of aſhie ſemblance,pale and bloodleſſe,
But loe the blood is ſetled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and ſterne,
His fingers ſpred abroad as one that graſpt for life,
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſde,the leaſt of theſe are probable,
It cannot chuſe but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they *I* truſt ſir,are no murtherers.

War. I,but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well ſeene he found ſome enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then theſe?

War. Who ſees a hefer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will ſuſpect twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neaſt,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte ſoare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragidie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford,where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher,where's his knife?

Suffolke. I weare no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But heres a vengefull ſword ruſted with caſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rankorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murthers crimſon badge,

Say